

In the days when we went



GIPSYING.

In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best,
Were dress'd from top to toe.
We danced and sung the joyful strain,
Upon the forest green,
And nought but mirth and jollity,
Around us, could be seen.

CHORUS.—And thus we passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care or wo,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.

All hearts were light and eyes were bright,
While Nature's face was gay,
The trees their leafy branches spread,
And perfumes fill'd sweet May.
'Twas there we heard the cuckoo's note,
Steal softly through the air,
While every scene around us look'd
More beautiful and fair.
And thus, &c.

We filled a glass to every lass,
And friends we loved most dear,
We wish'd them many a happy day
And many a happy year.
To friends away we turned our thoughts,
With feelings kind and free,
And oh, we wish'd them with us there,
Beneath the forest tree.
And thus, &c.

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